

Bats, Bonds, and Bad Decisions

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Bats, Bonds, and Bad Decisions

by [ZappiesinAO3](#)

Summary

After saving the world from a rogue baseball-themed apocalypse, the Ninja Baseball Bat Men are... retired? Hell no. Living together in a cramped apartment, these four colorful idiots are trying to figure out life without evil umpires to bash. Between Jose's questionable cooking, Ryno's conspiracy theories, Roger's existential crises, and Straw's attempts to keep them from burning the place down, it's a miracle they haven't killed each other yet. Pure chaos, dumb arguments, and a family that swings bats together, stays together.

Notes

Mwehehehe this is my first fic!!

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

The apartment smelled like burnt dreams and regret. Captain Jose, in his faded red baseball jersey, stood over a sizzling pan, wielding a spatula like it was his trusty ninja bat. His face was set in a determined scowl, as if the pancakes he was attempting to flip were enemies from the final stage of their last world-saving mission.

“Yo, Jose, you’re gonna set off the smoke alarm again,” Stick Straw called from the couch, where he was sprawled out in his blue uniform, one leg dangling over the armrest. He was scrolling through his phone, probably looking at memes about ninja baseball players. His bat leaned against the coffee table, still scuffed from their last adventure.

“Fuck off, Straw, I’m a culinary god,” Jose shot back, flipping a pancake that immediately splattered onto the ceiling. He stared at it, then at the pan, then back at the ceiling. “...That’s fine. It’s fine.”

“It’s not fine,” Beanball Roger groaned from the kitchen table, his yellow cap pulled low over his eyes. He was nursing a mug of coffee that was more sugar than actual coffee, his bat propped against his chair like a security blanket. “We’re gonna get evicted if you keep destroying shit, Jose. The landlord already hates us.”

“He hates us because Ryno keeps telling him the government’s hiding alien baseballs in the sewers,” Straw pointed out, not looking up from his phone.

From the corner of the room, Twinbats Ryno, in his green uniform, looked up from a conspiracy theory blog he was reading on his laptop. “That’s not a theory, Straw. It’s fact. I saw a glowing baseball in the alley last week. Explain that.”

“Easy. You were drunk,” Roger said, taking a long sip of his coffee.

“I WAS SOBER!” Ryno shouted, slamming his laptop shut. “You guys never believe me. I’m the only one keeping us safe from the extraterrestrial sports equipment agenda!”

Jose, still staring at the pancake plastered to the ceiling, muttered, “I believe you, Ryno. Mostly because I don’t care enough to argue.”

This was their life now. After defeating the evil Baseball Overlord (or whatever the hell that final boss was, none of them could agree on its name), the four men had been... well, not exactly retired. More like unemployed. The world didn’t need baseball players anymore, apparently. So they’d pooled their meager savings, rented a shitty two-bedroom apartment in a city that smelled vaguely of hot dogs, and tried to figure out how to be normal.

(Spoiler: They were terrible at it.)

“Okay, new plan,” Straw said, finally sitting up. “We order pizza. Again. Because Jose’s cooking is a war crime.”

“Excuse you, I’m innovating,” Jose said, gesturing to the pan, where a lump of batter was actively catching fire. “This is avant-garde cuisine.”

“It’s a fucking biohazard,” Roger muttered.

“Language, Roger,” Straw said, mock-scolding. “You kiss your bat with that mouth?”

Roger flipped him off.

Ryno, meanwhile, had reopened his laptop and was typing furiously. “I’m ordering the pizza,” he announced. “But I’m getting pineapple on it because I’m a free man, and you can’t stop me.”

The room went silent. Even the sizzling pan seemed to pause in horror.

“Pineapple?” Jose said, turning slowly, spatula raised like a weapon. “On pizza?”

“It’s a fruit, it’s fine,” Ryno said, not looking up.

“It’s a crime against humanity,” Straw said, vaulting over the couch to stand next to Jose. “You’re out of the family, Ryno. Pack your shit.”

“Guys, it’s just pizza,” Roger said, but his voice lacked conviction. He was staring at Ryno like he’d just admitted to being an alien himself.

“JUST PIZZA?” Jose roared, pointing the spatula at Ryno. “This is about honor, Roger! This is about the sanctity of melted cheese and pepperoni!”

Ryno finally looked up, smirking. “You’re just mad because you can’t cook anything that doesn’t explode. Pineapple’s dope. Deal with it.”

What followed was chaos. Straw lunged for Ryno’s laptop, Ryno dodged and grabbed his bat, Jose threw the spatula (it missed and hit the wall), and Roger just sat there, sipping his coffee and muttering, “I should’ve stayed in the game. At least the evil umpires made sense.”

Eventually, they compromised: half pepperoni, half pineapple, because Straw threatened to lock Ryno in the bathroom otherwise. The pizza arrived, and they sat on the floor around the coffee table, their bats leaning against the couch like old friends. The apartment was a mess, the ceiling still had a pancake stuck to it, and Ryno was still ranting about alien baseballs, but for a moment, it felt... right.

Ryno, chewing on his pineapple pizza with infuriating smugness, said, “We were badass. We could still be badass, you know. There’s gotta be something out there that needs hitting.”

“Like your taste in pizza,” Jose muttered, but he was smiling.

They bickered and laughed and ate, and for a while, the weight of being unemployed baseball players didn’t feel so heavy. They were a family.

As the night wound down, Straw looked around at his teammates, his brothers, and raised his soda can. “To us. The dumbest, bat-swingingest ninjas the world’s ever seen.”

“To us,” they echoed, clinking cans and laughing as Ryno accidentally spilled soda on his laptop, sparking a whole new round of chaos.

Maybe they’d figure out this “normal life” thing eventually. Or maybe they’d just keep swinging bats at their problems. Either way, they’d do it together.

End Notes

If you liked it, leave a comment. If not, pretend you never read it! I should probably make a normal fic

HIGH PRESSURE WASHING MACHINE!

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